Can’t Break a Broken Mind

By: Natalie Wimbledon

Introduction

It’s never been easy to sleep. Even as a kid I couldn’t sleep at all with the television or lights on, but I was scared of the dark. Not like now where I almost only sleep in the dark with some exceptions. I used to think their were creatures that would hide in the darkest parts of the room to watch me until I was asleep so they would kill me. I guess that’s a con for having an overactive imagination.

I still struggle with sleep but now it’s out of pure insomnia, can’t sleep even if I feel like sleeping. Dreams and nightmares come and go, sometimes nothing but darkness. Tonight was different though, I woke up half asleep unable to move one bit, but unlike the usual voices and shadows, it was a lady, a rubenesque figure, brighter then the sun.